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# A Pindarique Ode,

Upon the late Horrid and

## Damnab! Whiggish Plot,

I.

**D**issenting *Bigots*, boast no more  
Of Glorious Mischiefs heretofore ;  
Not all the Troops your Godly *Factions* led,  
*Bradshaw* and *Cromwell* in their Head,  
Can vie with single *Shaftsbury*,  
For secure Arts of close-laid Villany ;  
They but the empty Types, the weighty substance He.  
'Tis true, these two great Leaders carry'd on  
Their bold Designs till Life was done ;  
But when the Vip'rous pair was crush'd, the Wound  
They living made, clos'd and again was Sound :  
Whilst he, like *Serpents* of more Pois'nous kind,  
Where e're he once his fork'd Tongue applies,  
Though in the Fatal Act he dies,  
Still leaves his Venom and his Sting behind.

II.

*Monmouth* and *Essex* both were Stung,  
And many more by this Envenom'd Tongue ;  
And strait they all began to Swell,  
From Sense and Reason strait they Fell ;  
And Melancholly Fumes possess'd their Brain,  
And they wou'd all be Kings, and all wou'd Raign.  
Hence their disorder'd passion Springs,  
And spitting Venom on the best of Kings ;  
Hence their attempts upon his Life and Throne ;  
Hence all the secret Mysteries  
Of undermining Treacheries,  
And hidden Veins of Treasons yet unknown.  
But thou, Great *Charles*, despise their vain Designs ;  
The *Unicorn*, Supporter of thy Arms,  
'Gainst all their Poison bears sufficient Charms ;  
And a much greater Pow'r blows up their deepest Mines.

III.

Methinks the dark Cabal of Six I see,  
Double *Triumvirate* of Villany ;  
Exceeding that which went before  
In Number much, in mischief more :  
*Cesar's* Adopted Son does first appear ;  
Art thou, my *Brutus*, there ?

Thou

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Thou that wert once so Great and Good ;  
From the high place wherein you justly stood  
How art thou fall'n, O *Lucifer* ?  
He once, like you, was Fair and Bright,  
Chief Leader of the Glorious Hosts of Light ;  
But long (alas!) he cou'd not bear  
To see above him, plac'd th' Eternal Kings Immediate Heir.  
He scorn'd Subjection, for a Kingdom fell ;  
But gain'd Eternal Slavery and Hell :  
Thus while from Good to Ill they headlong tend,  
The brightest Angel makes the blackest Fiend.

IV.

Next *Effex*, once deservedly Great,  
Though since the Scorn and Mockery of Fate :  
*Effex*, whose late Successful sway  
Made *Ireland* Peaceably obey ;  
And follow'd well Great *Ormonds* Track, who led him all the way.  
His Fathers Bright Example long prevail'd,  
And that most Precious Legacy  
He left to him of *Loyalty* ;  
(So the declining *Sun*, when chas'd by coming Night,  
Still guilds the World a while with the remains of Light :)  
But when that *Hell* and *Shaftsbury* assail'd,  
His Noble Resolutions quickly fail'd,  
And all his former Virtues nought avail'd.  
*Addesses* and *Petitions* first,  
(For who can fall at once from Good to Worst ?)  
Began the Game ; and aiming to Betray,  
Like *Judas*, *All Hail Master*, led the way.  
Unhappy man ! who carry'd on  
Too sadly the Comparison !  
Tortur'd like him by his Despair,  
Like him he was his own sad Executioner.

V.

*Ruffel* and *Esckrick* next in order were ;  
Nor did I much admire to see them there :  
Happy the latter of the two, who since  
Has wash'd away his Faults in Humble Penitence ;  
And by a true Confession  
Of others Treason and his own,  
With his most Gracious Prince may for the last Atone.  
I wave the former, since he Justly di'd,  
And by his Death has satisfi'd :  
But he has to himself bin more unkind ;  
And his own Libel left behind.  
Next *Sydney* comes ; a Name  
In brave Sir *Philip* known to Fame  
For Perfect Wit and Loyalty ;  
Though now by *Algernoon* mark'd with so Black a Dye,  
As does almost Eclipse the Fame of his Great Ancestry.  
*Hamptden* the last ; the worthy Son  
Of him well known in *Forty One* :

Grand

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Grand Patron of the *Canting Tribe*,  
How shall I thee Describe ?  
None can draw thee according to thy due,  
But he that has the knack to *Hang* and *Quarter* too.

VI.

These, and a num'rous Train of many more,  
Their dark Designs did secretly contrive ;  
Till *Keeling*, who did long Connive,  
To sound their depth, and number all their store,  
Broke forth, and shone like Gold amidst the Ore.  
Against his Conscience nothing cou'd prevail ;  
Not Life and Int'rest in the other Scale :  
All other by-concerns he laid aside ;  
And fix'd his mind with Noble Pride  
Upon a Name so Good and Great,  
As sole Preserver of the *Church* and *State*.  
What Thanks for such Obligements shall we bring ?  
Our Fortunes and our Lives we owe  
For what you did on us bestow ;  
What then for our *Religion*, and our *King* ?  
Take first our Hearts ; while we can only Pray,  
God and his great Vice-gerent will repay.

VII.

And now the Horrid *Plot* appears,  
Writ in the Blackest Characters ;  
And ev'ry Page some Bloody Title bears,  
*Seditious, Treasons, Massacres*.  
What in a King so Good, what cou'd they see,  
To Arme that numerous Conspiracy  
Against so mild a Majesty ;  
Which like the *Sun*, its Beams does wear,  
Not to Consume, but Warm and Cheer ?  
Blest Prince ! and canst thou still Dispence  
To this Unthankful Land thy Gracious Influence ?  
Still canst thou shed thy Favours upon those  
That are the near Relations of thy Foes ?  
Brave *Capel* and *Southampton* on this Hand,  
*Essex* and *Russel* on the other stand ;  
He turn'd from these, and fix'd his Princely view  
Upon the Nobler Object of the two ;  
And as he look'd, on all their Friends his willing Favours threw.  
Let *Russel's* Wife (said he) unpitty'd go ;  
But shall *Southampton's* Daughter fall so low ?  
*Essex* his Son shou'd want, 'tis true ;  
But what shall then Brave *Capel's* Grandson do ?  
In his Indulgent Memory,  
So long great Virtues live, so soon Offences Dye.

VIII.

Yet him, thus justly fam'd for mildness of his Reign,  
The Bloody *Faction* dooms to dye ;  
And to Enhance their Cruelty,  
Wou'd in his Royal Brother Murder him again :

His

His Royal Brother, who had always bin  
 A Partner of the Troubles he was in ;  
 Of all his dangers bore a share,  
 And still with him Joynt-Sufferer :  
 Ev'n him their Hellish rage Assails;  
 The *Hercules*, that when our *Atlas* fails,  
 Must with his Shoulders prop the sinking State,  
 And bear unmov'd the mighty weight.  
 With them the Loyal, all the Good and Great,  
 Must meet an unrelenting Fate ;  
 For those by strong Antipathy they hate.

## IX.

Nor can the Church escape this Curfed band :  
 What once was to the Worst a Sanctuary,  
 Can to its self no Refuge be ;  
 That with the State does always fall or stand :  
 And may both stand till time its self has end ;  
 And still each other mutually defend :  
 For whilst with open Force, or secret Hate,  
 The two extremes assault the State ;  
 The *English* Church keeps on her steady pace,  
 Fix'd in the middle, Virtues place ;  
 Nor e're Rebell'd against the Throne,  
 Under whose Gracious shade 'twas planted and has grown.  
 But as the *Ivy*, with whose Verdant Boughs  
 Her Learned Sons may justly wreath their Brows,  
 Does round the *Elme* its loving Branches twine ;  
 And when the *Axe* its kind support assails,  
 That also feels the Stroke, and with it fails:  
 So while the Church and State their strict Embraces joyn ;  
 The same rude Blow, that over-turns the Crown,  
 Strikes its lov'd partner too, and hews her down.

## X.

Ah ! wretched *England* ! how art thou,  
 The Worlds late Envy, made its Laughter now ?  
 Is't not enough, that Forreign Foes  
 Disturb thy quiet, and thy Peace oppose ?  
 But must thy Children, like young Vipers, tear  
 The womb which did them bear ?  
 Hast thou so few Abroad, that thou must be  
 Thy own most dreadful Enemy ?  
 At length, Unhappy Land thy Errors view ;  
 And give to *Cesar*, and to God their due ;  
 Leave Factious Arts, nor let so stale a Cheat  
 Twice in one Age impose upon the State :  
 Murmure no more, when you shou'd Thanks repay ;  
 And value Mercies, least thy fly away :  
 For they who spurn at God, deserve to suffer worse ;  
 And Blessings, when abus'd, oft turn into a Curse.

